

HiJack Drabble: Morning

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Summary: Jack woke up early, and has nothing else to do but describe just how beautiful Hiccup is.

HiJack Drabble: Morning

The dust danced in the paths of light that filtered through sheer curtains. It was the kind of light that looked so thick it looked tangible - that you could reach out and take it in your hands like a puddle of warm, dripping honey, with a taste just as sweet, thin golden threads growing and cascading, connecting the supply in your hands to the original source.

The sun was nearing the middle of the sky - Jack judged it were probably around ten - and he was not ashamed to state that he'd been in bed all morning. He didn't want to move, so he laid there, his eyelids lacking the usual weight they bared on any other given day. In front of him, a short distance away, lay Hiccup, his back bare and freckled, facing away from Jack. Jack had been watching Hiccup's shoulders rise and fall, listening to his steady, even breaths as they coursed in and out of his lungs, and thought himself lucky to be alive.

Jack had counted every freckle, then recounted, just to be sure he'd gotten it right the first time. There were 42. He'd calculated the angle at which Hiccup's bed hair sloped down the back of his head. 10 degrees. He'd studied the curve of the sheet the concealed Hiccup's lower half. And, as Hiccup slept soundly, Jack had traced Hiccup's shoulder blades with his finger tip; starting at the bottom and gliding his hand up, to where it came to rest at the top of Hiccup's shoulder. At which point, Jack ran his finger around the top edge of Hiccup's shoulder and down his arm, lingering at the knot of his elbow joint. He then traced the outline of Hiccup's hip, then, once he'd reached it, pulled the thin sheet up and over, so that it rested in the slight crook of Hiccup's waist.

All of this had happened without so much as a slight stir on Hiccup's part. Now, Jack just lay there, retracing the path with his eyes. He wondered if, if he thought hard enough, he would be able to recall the way Hiccup's skin felt under his finger tips and be able to feel them again as his eyes ran over the skin he'd touched previously. However, as he found he could not quite do this, his eyes roamed over the rest of Hiccup; not in a hungry, lustful way, but slowly, lovingly, trying to remember every pore, every scratch, every scar that had ever graced his love's skin.

It was not until ten thirty that Hiccup moved. Jack watched as Hiccup slowly settled onto his back, and then took it upon himself to roll onto his opposite side, so that he was now a mirror of his formal self. Jack's breathe caught upon seeing Hiccup's face, a sight he'd not been blessed with since he'd fallen asleep the previous night. It was the same face as it was everyday, but still exceedingly new. His jaw line was still that perfect curve that Jack had kissed so many times, softly sculpted by God himself, his lips even more delicious and beautiful; pink and puffy from the heat of slumber. The brilliant emerald of his eyes concealed, Jack focused on the other perfections of Hiccup's orbit: his auburn eyelashes that caught the rain so beautifully on the gloomy days, his brows hardly shaped but still flawless, especially when one of them was being raised up in a loving manner at Jack's expense.

Hiccup's hand come to rest on the pillow supporting his head, his fingers bent ever so slightly so that only the bottom of his palm touched the fabric. Jack saw this as an opportunity: He scooted over, trying hard not to russell the mattress and cause Hiccup to wake. Once he was within reach (their faces were not more than five inches apart) Jack intertwined his fingers with Hiccup's with the hand that had been laying under him, Jack trailing his fingertips up underside of Hiccup's wrist before their palms met.

Jack's heart fluttered at the sight of Hiccup waking; not slowly, but not suddenly, but just simply \_waking \_in the most natural way the action could be done. Simply pulling thyself gently out of dreams. This, of course, brought on a whole new wave of emotion that no word in any language could express. Hiccup smiled, his mouth pushing his round cheeks out the of the way to make room for some emotion, in the most cute, innocent way that could be fathomed. It was not long before his eyes opened, and the hazel-green hit Jack like an ocean wave, cascading over him, showering him in every ounce of gentle adoration that could exist.

But all Jack could say was, "Good mourning, Beautiful."

End  
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